

MARVEL[®] COMICS[®]

DEADPOOL[®]

MARVEL
PG 67



**SIMONE
UDON**

marvel.com



ALVIN LEE
UDON

DIRECT EDITION

7 59606 03703 2

\$2.25 US \$3.75 CAN

06711



<Please, please, Swan. Do not do this. Please, I beg of you. I will do anything. Please.>*

I don't understand, Nijo. Say that last part again.

* Translated from German.



I said, Wilson doesn't seem to have been seriously affected by your brain virus, Swan.

In fact, he's renting a beach house. He even ...



What? He defeated the Rhino? The Rhino?

That's impossible. With what I did to his brain he should be a gibbering idiot by now.

<My wife is with child ... please. I'm sorry I cursed in your presence, Swan. Forgive me ...>



But there are signs of mental deterioration, at least.

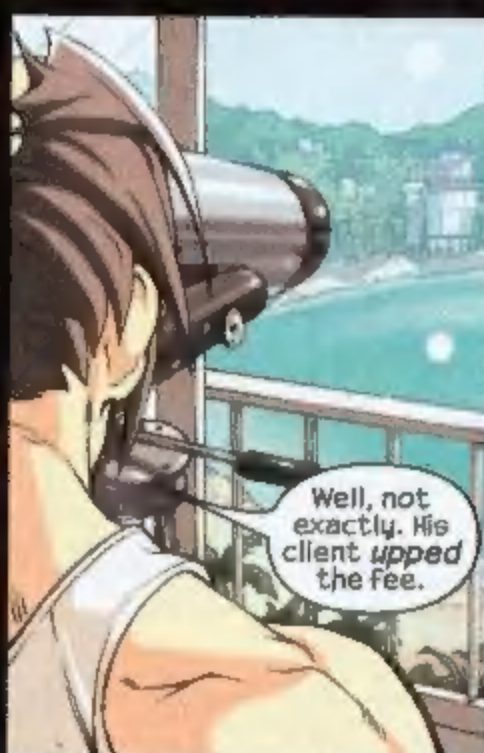
He confuses words, and is unable to aim his guns.

There may be more symptoms as the virus grows...



At least tell me he didn't collect his fee. I don't believe I could stand that buffoon collecting 250,000 dollars with a fever raging in his brain.

<Seven years I have served you, Swan! Seven years!>



Well, not exactly. His client upped the fee.



They what? How much?

How much?

uhhhh... drlllrrrr... uhhhhhhh...

ONE
MILLION
DOLLARS!

All right, so things
have been a little
weird.

I don't mean 'Mama's
Family' weird, I'm talking
'The Prisoner' weird.

There are two days I
don't remember at all.
I forget words for
things. My aim is shot.
And I haven't told any-
one, but I've been
having headaches.

Maybe I'm just going
through puberty.

Again.

Wait. That
doesn't sound
right.

What I mean is, it's
probably no big deal.
But who cares, anyway?
I just cashed a check
with six zeroes -- I
could order a pizza
with a supermodel
on top, if I wanted!

BUDDY PICTURE

Story by
Gail Simone

Art by Arvin Lee, Rob Ross, Eric Vedder,
A-Zero, Ken Siu-Chong, TR2 & The RealT of UDON

UDON Chief
Erik Ko

Letters by
Dave Sharpe

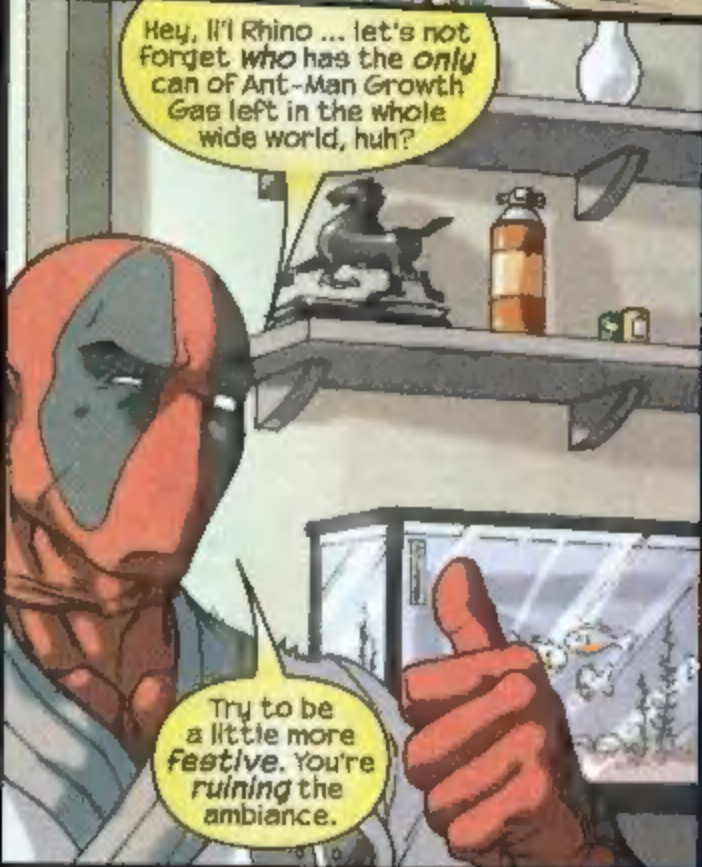
Edited by
Mike Marts

Assisted by
Mike Raicht

Chief
Jose Quesada

President
Bill Jemas

DEADPOOL® Vol. 1, No. 67, July, 2002. (ISSN #1093-4486) Published by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 EAST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10016. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 2002 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$2.25 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.75 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues (in U.S. dollars): U.S. \$27.00; Canada \$37.00 (GST #R127032852); foreign \$39.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DEADPOOL (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL CHARACTERS, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DEADPOOL, c/o MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 32 NEWBURGH, NY 12551. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-8158. FAX # (845) 566-7820. Printed in the U.S.A. PETER CUNEO, Chief Executive Officer, AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer, GUY KARYO, Chief Information Officer, DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor, STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus.





I tell ya, ever since that day I iced the Four Winds, it's like nothing can dent me. Buy some underwear, will ya, Ratbag? You're scaring the zebras.

FRUIT OF THE LOONS!

Deadpool, Incorporated--how may I help you?



Boss, this man says he's a music promoter in need of some super-muscle.

Like immediately! He says brutality is a plus.



I'm not going to protect Ricky Martin. Nope, not gonna do it. No way.

I find his brand of exuberant yet somehow creepy Latin dance-pop interferes with my digestion.

Sardine and pearl onion sandwich!

It's not Ricky Martin.

Keep the robe on!



Then I'll take the gig. Sandi, you and Ratbag go back to the office and see about getting it cleaned up.

The action figure is coming with me.



Ah. Doorknobs don't kill people.

I kill people.



And Sandi...

...when we get back, we're gonna talk about whoever it was that gave you the black eye you've been trying to hide all day.



Elsewhere, in the
eye of madness ...



I've ~~never~~ killed
anyone before.

It'd be all right if my head would
stop spinning. I feel like I'm part
of what's wrong here. Like what's
going to happen is *my* fault.



It's not too late. I could still
back out. I could still *go
home*. But that would show
weakness to the enemy.

I've never
killed anyone
before.



But I'm a
fast learner.



Wilson, I'm
tellin' ya now.
If you don't give
me that can of
growth gas
when we get
back ...



... I'll
take ya down
an inch at a
time.

Yeah, yeah,
of all the Hulk's
hamster-sized
villains, you're
by far the
scariest.

Turn on
the radio, will ya,
Rhino-môn?



Less than
a woman! Less
than a woman
to me!

ACCCCCCCCCCK!
Disco! Turn it off!
Make it stop!!!

We're
gonna boogie
oogie lcky til we
just can't sticky.
no more...

AAAAA! Poison on the
airwaves!

What's
wrong with
disco?



See, this is
like a *Buddy Movie*,
where Mel Gibson and
Danny Glover hate
each other at first,
you know?

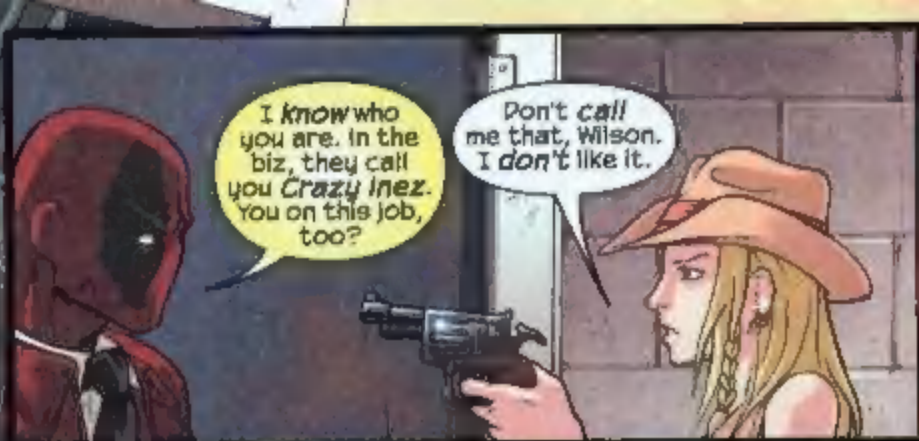
And then
Mel Gibson shrinks
Danny Glover and
carries him around
for no good
reason.





Well, well, well. Lookie here. It's Mr. I-Shot-The-Four-Winds, ain't it? I never properly introduced myself at the gym the other day.

Name's *Outlaw*.



I know who you are. In the biz, they call you *Crazy Inez*. You on this job, too?

Don't call me that, Wilson. I don't like it.



Anyway, I was on this job until that fat man with the *snake* tried to touch my behind.

Go on in. Y'all an' your stubby little friend are probably *safe*...



...and I said *probably*, hot stuff.

Where the hell have you been, Mr. Deadpool? Love the suit. You hungry? Follow me. Great boots. You like music?



That witch is *nuts*. She's lala-gaga. You know her?

Yeah, she thinks my tractor's sexy.



Now, you have got, like, powers, right?

Don't worry--I'm a *Superfreak*.

A *Superfreak*?

I'm *Super-Freaky*.

Please don't tell me *this* is the guy I'm supposed to bodyguard.

Hate to do this. It's just a formality, you understand.

Hmm. Is this a test or an ambush?

Now which one of these guys had the crowba--

ARGGGH!

KRAK!

Oh, yeah. That one.

HAHAHAHA!
KILL 'IM! KNOCK HIS HEAD IN!
HAHAHAHAHA!

Oh, man, this is great!

Uh, oh.



Shortly...

CRUISE MINOR TALENT MANAGEMENT

You understand I had to test you, right, Mr. Deadpool? I mean, no hard feelings, okay? You hungry? Is it okay if I call you DP?

This is ridiculous. I don't need protection, Cruise. I can handle myself.

Sweetie, I know that! You're ice cream, flavorful and sweet -- I'm gaining weight just looking at you!

Mr. Deadpool is just here to -- an -- rag the freak, if he shows. That's all, baby!

See, everyone thought disco was dead, right? Turns out, it was just in a coma on life support. Kids are lovin' the stuff, DP!

It's dance, trance, beat, whatever...and Dazzler's got a whole audience, get it?

Then we started getting this crazy stuff in the mail, along with threatening letters, all from the same guy.

Let me guess: he hates mutants, right?

No.

He hates disco.

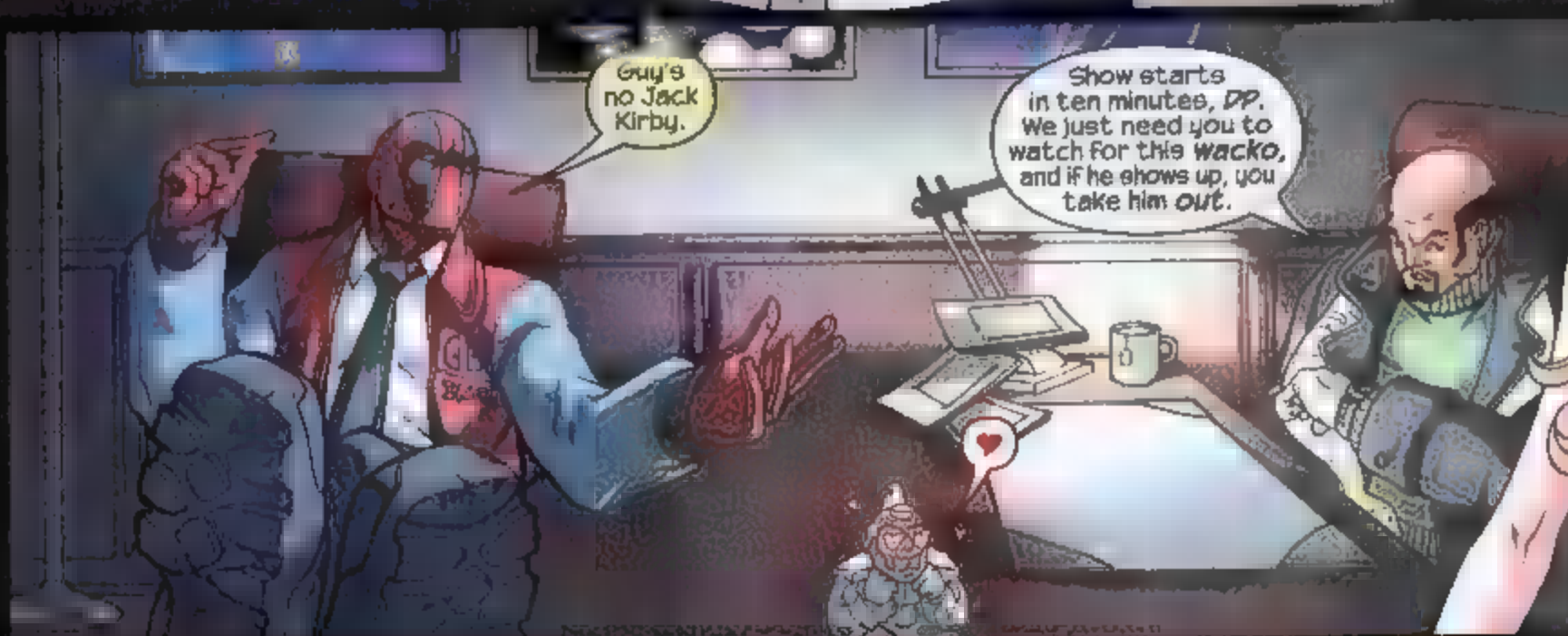
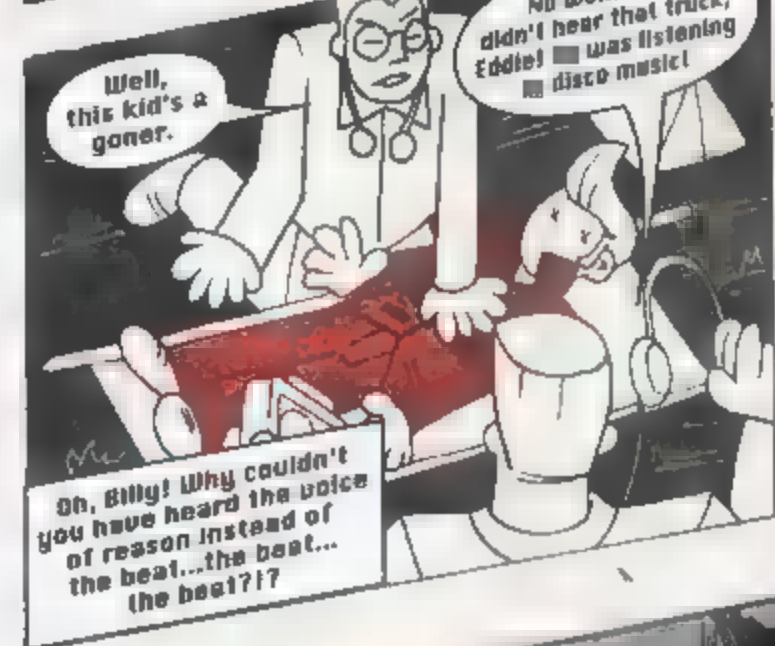
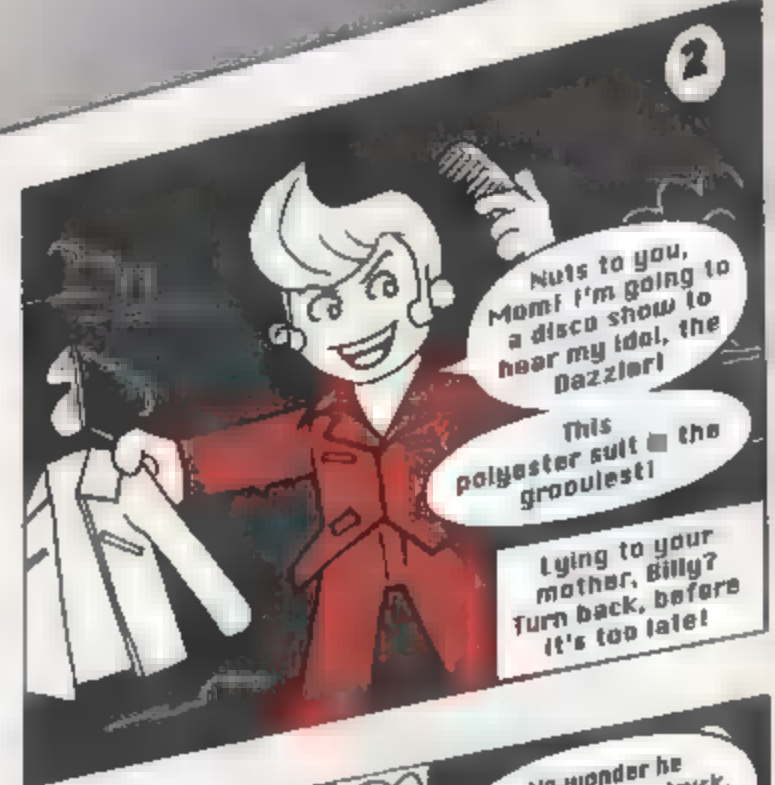
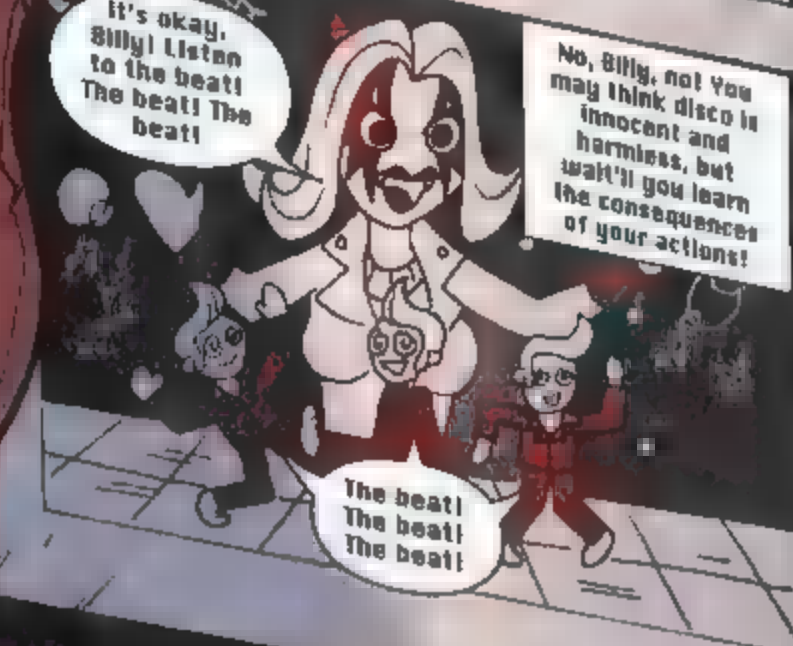
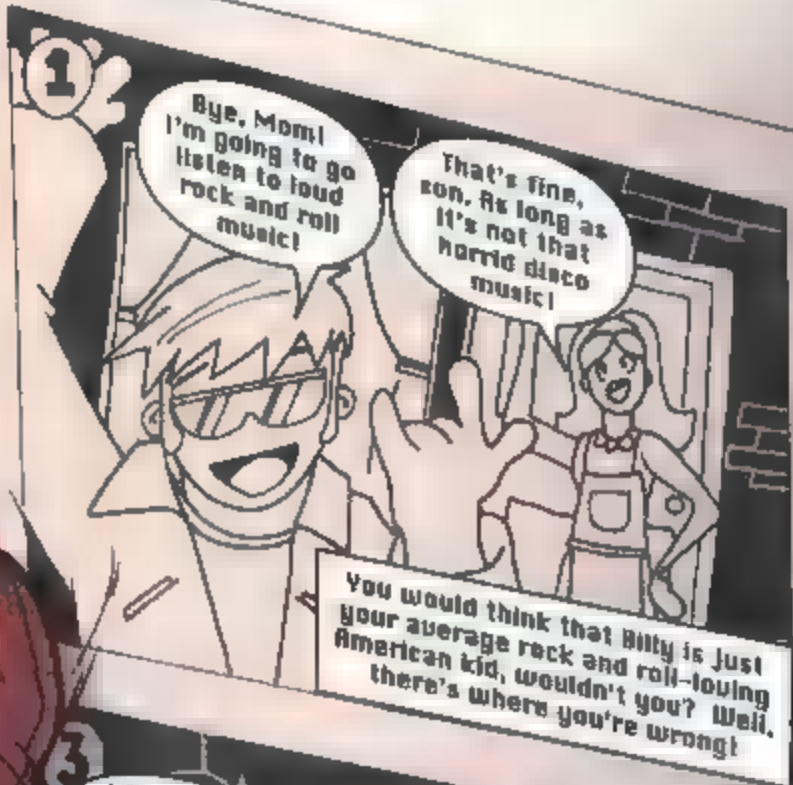
DISCO--

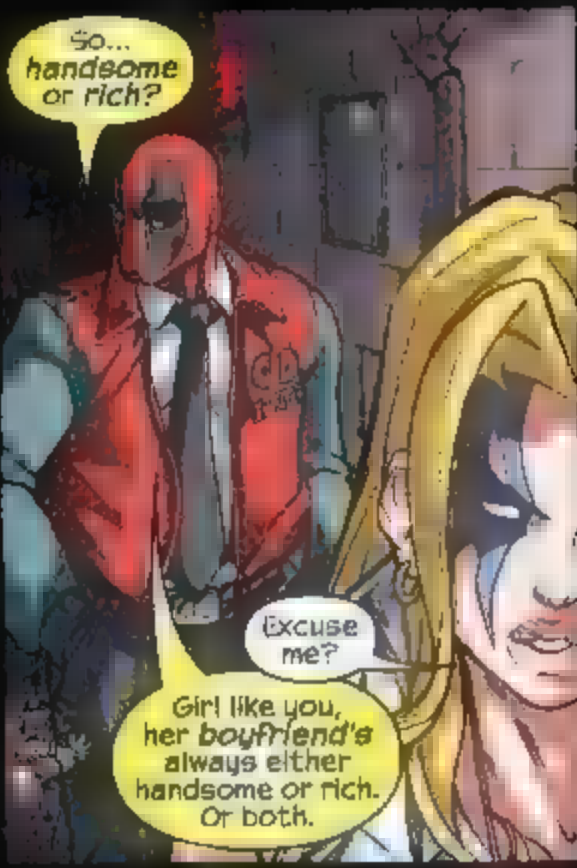


DAZZLER WILL



ELVIS IS CRYING





So... handsome or rich?

Excuse me?

Girl like you, her boyfriend's always either handsome or rich. Or both.



Listen, Deadpool, or whatever your name is--

-- I don't need you here, and I don't want you here. If I was in danger, I have friends who would kill you before you could even blink.

Yeah? So where are these swell pals when you need 'em?



You just... you just stay out of my way.

Aha. Little sore spot, there...



You big dumb jerk! That was the Pazzler! She ain't one of yer bimboes!

OW!

Keep your teeny mind on the job, all right?



Ladies and gentlemen! Boys and girls! We live in dark times. The people have forgotten the beat! But fear not -- for I have seen the future, and it is...

FUNKAY!

Tonight the Empire Theater is proud to present, after five years away from the stage... Miss. Alison. Blaire!

THE DAZZLER!

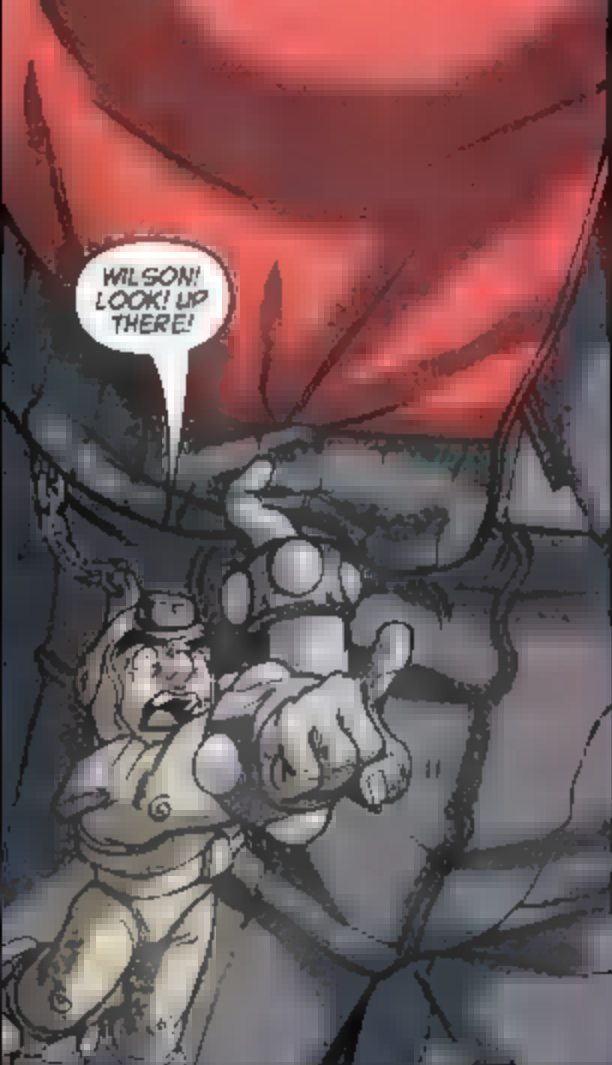
Cripes. This nut job
could be *anywhere*
in this crowd.

If your heart is full of trouble,
And your day is full of pain,
Put your dancing skates on,
put your skates on!

If you're worried 'bout inflation,
Crying children, acid rain,
Put your dancing skates on,
put your skates on!



It's time. I
can feel it.



WILSON!
LOOK! UP
THERE!



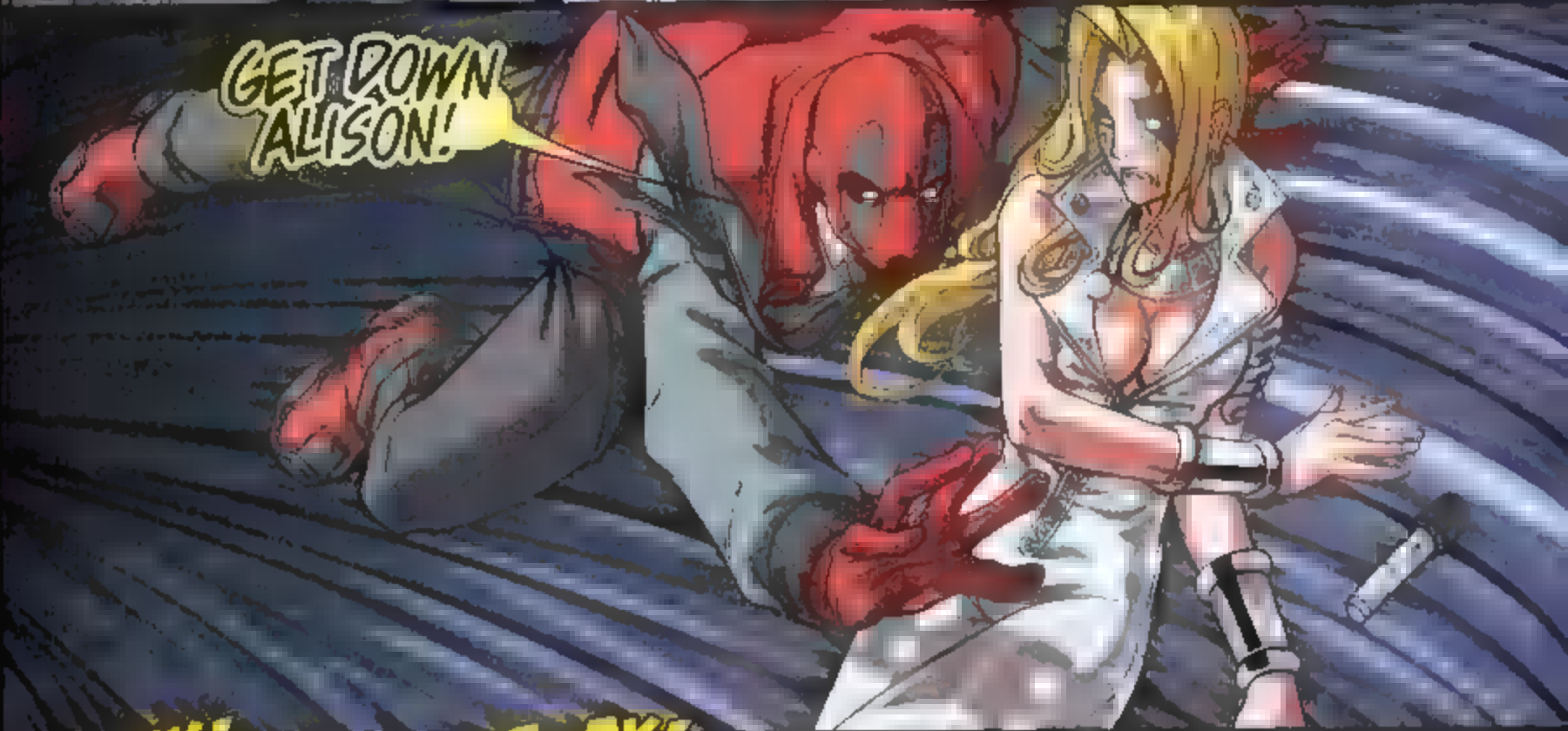
HE'S IN
THE DISCO
BALL!

Quick!
Throw me
at him!



Damn
messed-
up aim!

Wilson, you
idiotooooooooot!

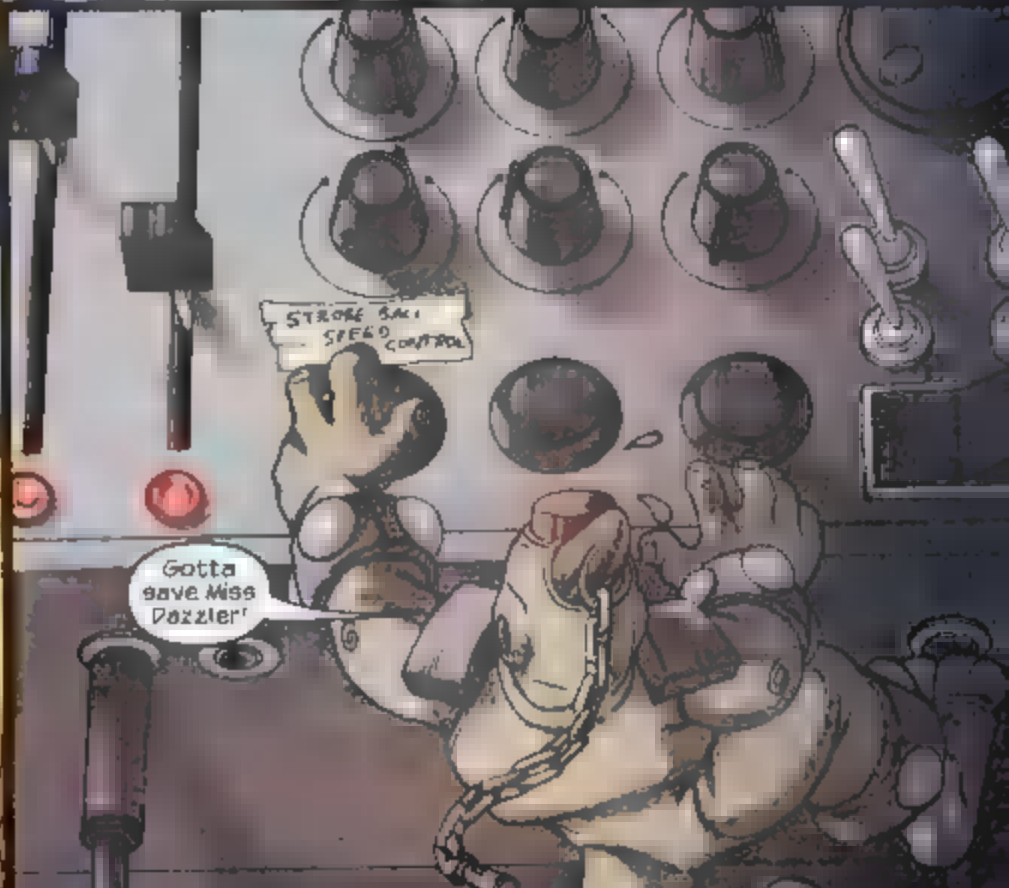


GET DOWN
ALISON!



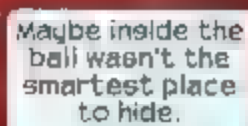
Ow, ooh, ow!
And I was gonna
use that lung
later...

Three bullets in the back
already, and I can't leave
the client. Swell. I can
hear the wacko reloading,
too. How nice.



STORE BALL
SPEED
CONTROL

Gotta
save Miss
Dazzler!



I'm gonna...
I'm gonna...



I'm okay. You don't have to carry me.

I know.
You realize
you'll need a
new disco
ball.

I KNOW.



Soon...

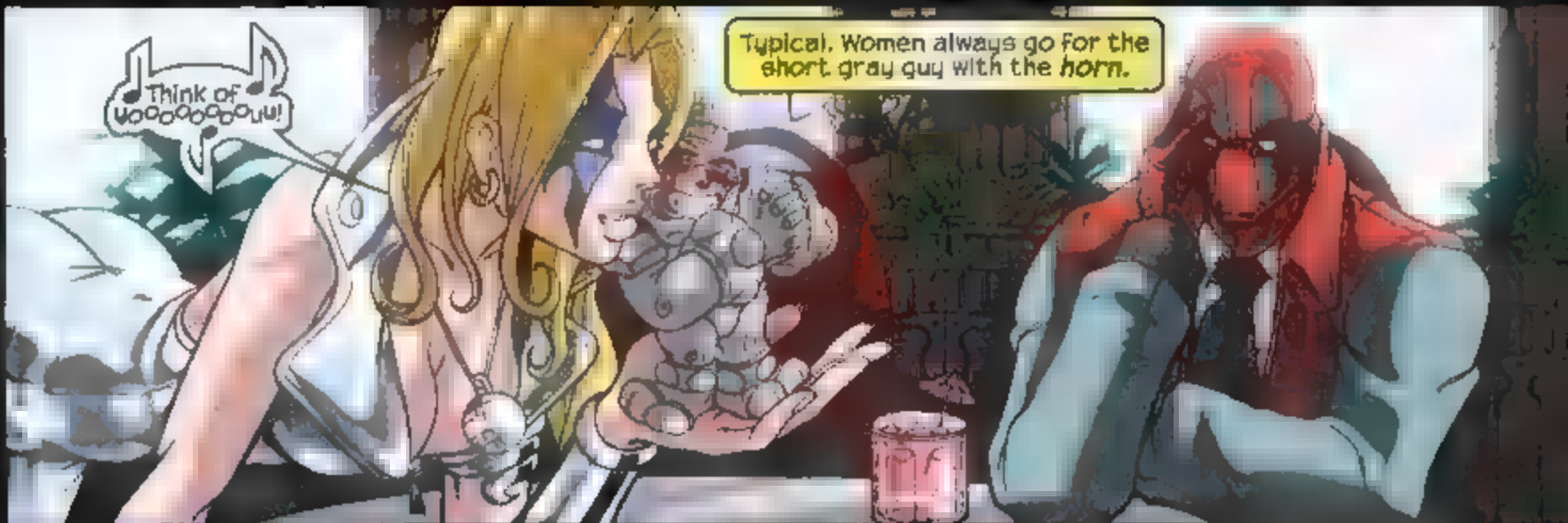
Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to dedicate this song to a very... *special*... person.

IF...you...
go, you should
know--



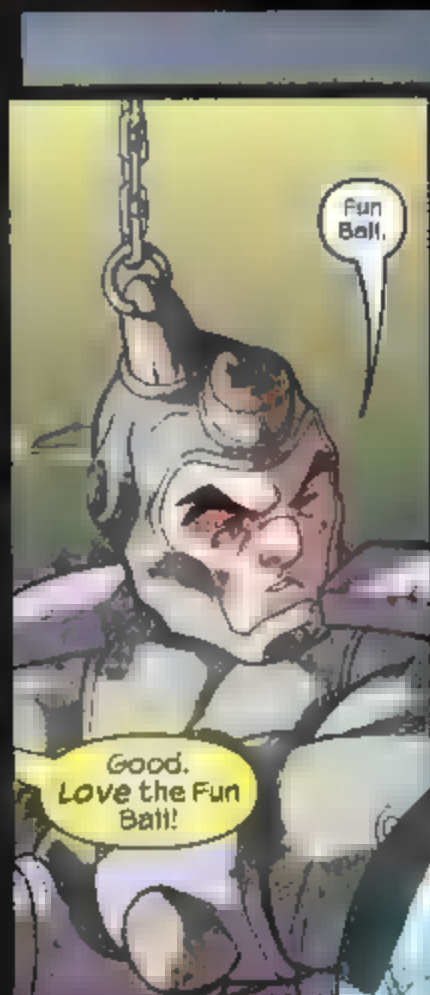
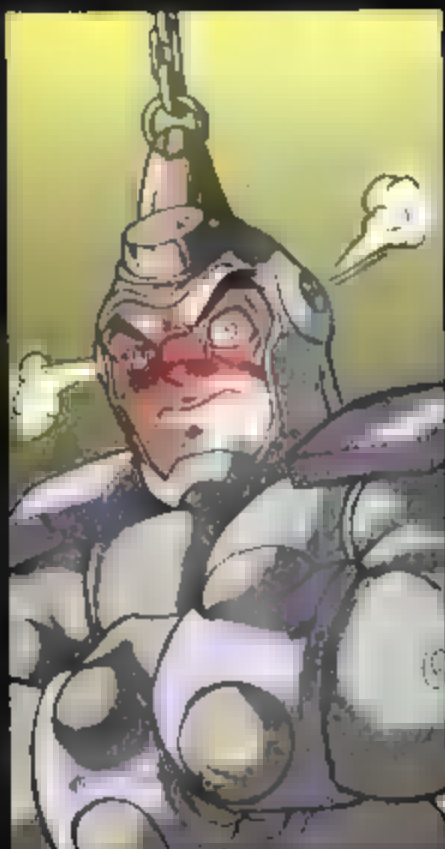
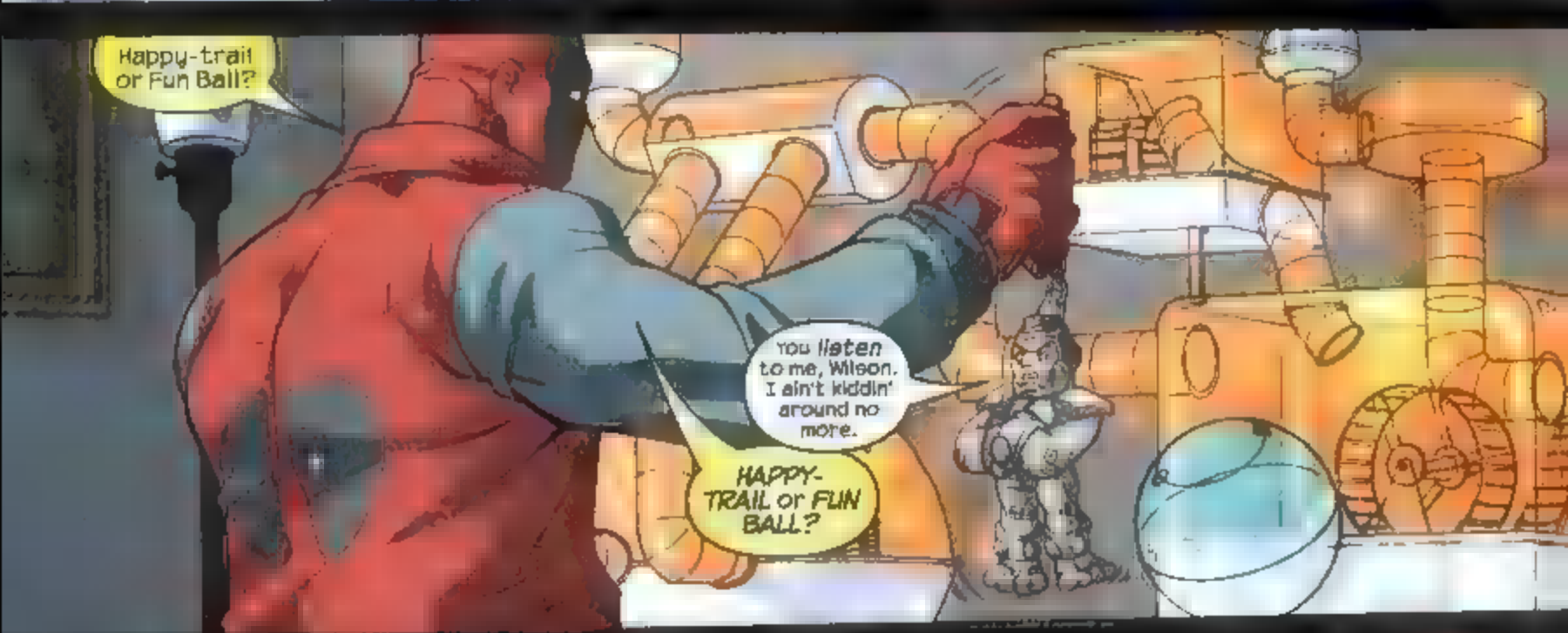
♪ That I'll
think of you,
with each brand-
new da---ay-ay-
ayyyyyyyyyy! ♪

And I-yi-yi-I,
will always...



The offices
of DP, INC!





No, no, no. You don't get the whole buddy movie idea at all. See, the buddies-- that's us ...

... they hate each other ~~at~~ first, but then they respect each other and become friends for life.



Who wants gingerbread cookies?

You're losin' it. I don't even know what's real what ain't. Bad enough to be a punk. Ain't no excuse for a punk that's nuts.



This is your last chance. I want that can of grow-gas, Wilson. Now.

Grow-gas? You mean this? This can I said would restore you to your full size?

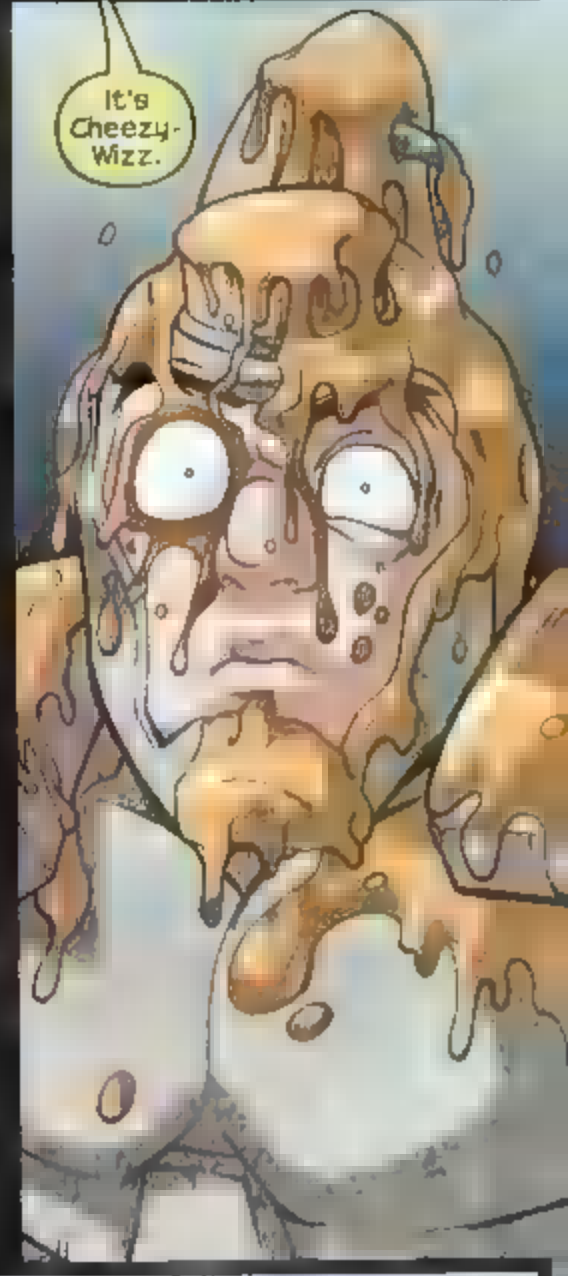


All right.

Except I lied. This isn't a canister of growth gas.



It's Cheezy-Wizz.



GAAAAAHHH!

YOU JUST PUT A GUN IN YOUR MOUTH, WILSON!



Was it something I said?



See, all along, I only had Ant-Man's shrinking canister. I don't know what happened --

-- maybe it eat in that trophy case for too long and catalyzed.

Maybe the effects will wear off, or maybe they won't.



But you're just too damn annoying to keep around.

Do it! Do it, you gutless piece of...



And I'd been so hoping for a little brother!

Hey! I actually hit something!

ARRRRRRGGGGGGHHH!

THOK!



That's a solid baseline hit...the home team fans are going wild -- they're loving the plucky young first-rounder!

Rhino, meet deadly fighting fish!

FLOOSH!



On today's bill of fare, the chef has prepared for you, le doofe grande dans ball plastique!

Eat up, my finny friends!



sniff? He was so young. Also, small. He was too *young* and *small* to die! Ugly, too! He was too small, ugly, young, ugly and small to die!

And now, to *baking*. Hope I have enough nutmeg.



WIIIIIISSSSONNN!

WIIIIIISSSSONNN!



Ack! The devil has been living in my aquarium!

WIIIIIISSSSONNN!

I'm sorry I ate so many of your delicious friends in beer batter with cocktail sauce, Mr. Devil Fish!

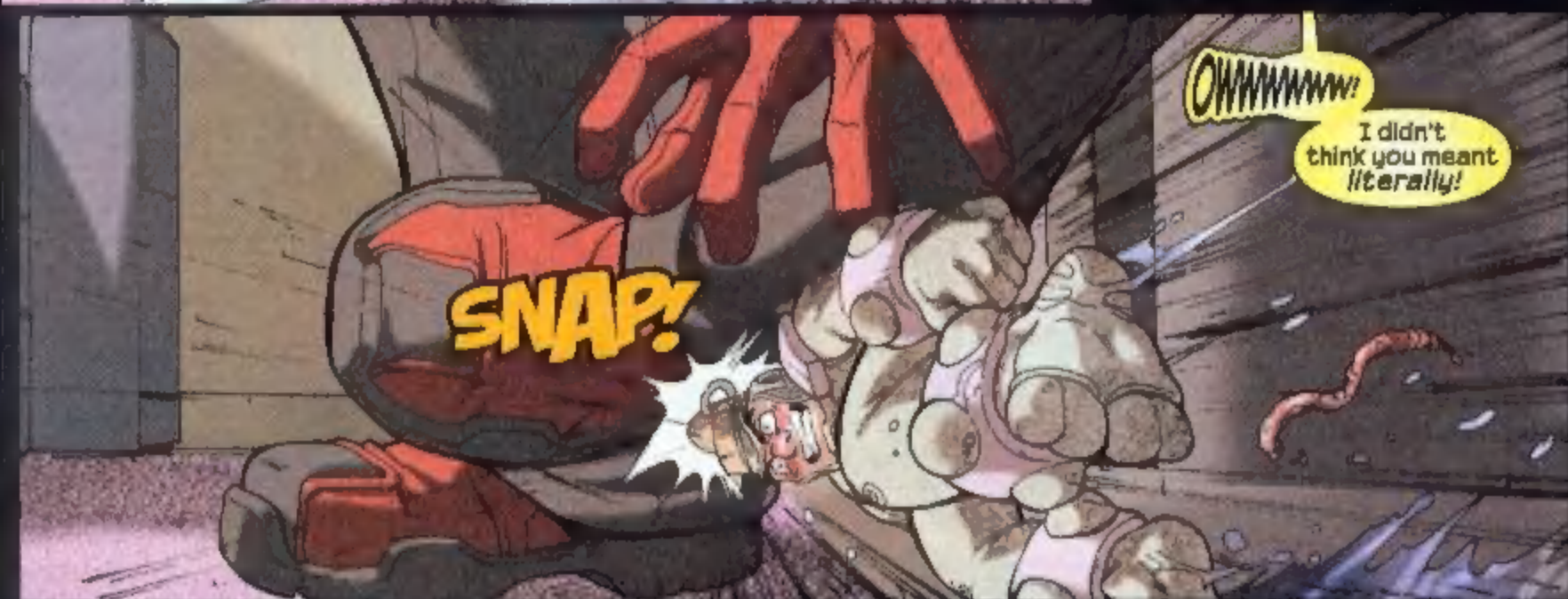


It's the incredible Mr. Limpet of doom!

Sandi's right. I've got mental problems. Well... more than usual, I mean.



KISS YER ANKLES GOODBYE, WILSON!



SNAP!

OWWWWWWW!

I didn't think you meant *literally*!



Aghh! Not my other ankle! That's my second favorite!

SNAP!

Guess I shoulda remembered that the little guy can still run straight through solid concrete. Pesky little rodent!



I saw this in a movie once. Kathy Bates was hot.

Whoa. I must be sicker than I thought.

Hey, I quit, all right? I surrender! You win!

I'm comin' for ya, Wilson! Gonna crack them bones, ya big punk!

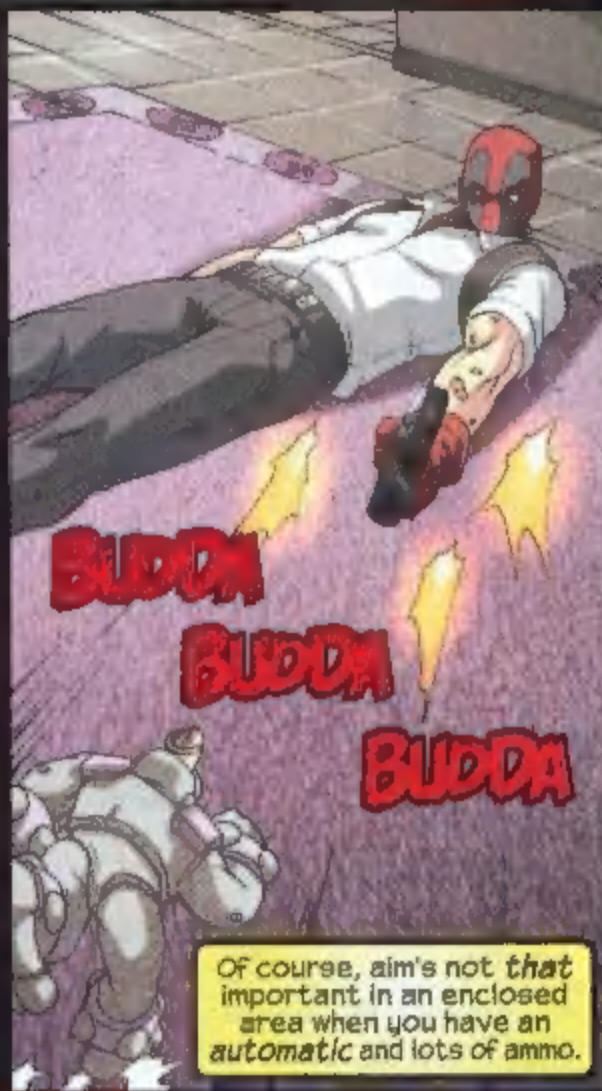
He's coming.



But where is he? The couch? The love seat? The coffee table?

YOUR AIM STILL OFF, WILSON?

HAHAHAHAHA! WHAT AM I GONNA SNAP NEXT? HAHA HAH!



BUDDA

BUDDA

BUDDA

Of course, aim's not *that* important in an enclosed area when you have an automatic and lots of ammo.



Uh, oh.



Fire enough rounds, I'm bound to hit something.

uhhhnnn...



I'm afraid I have some bad news, Rhino.

We're no longer buddies.

Wha... Wade! No!



Same old story-- boy gets a baby Rhino for Christmas, but *flushes* it the first time it messes the carpet.

PLISH!

GLURP!

brft brft



Oh, hi, Sandi. How are you?

FLUSH!

I'm fine, except that I'm in the bathroom and my ankles are still in the living room.

"So to get the guy that messed with my brain, I have to go to Germany?"



"Nice detective work, Sandi! I'll be to the office shortly and you can give me the details."



"Give me a minute to shower. It's been a long day... and honestly, I just reek."



WILLSSSSONNNN!

Marvel Comics would like to assure the readers that no animals were harmed during the making of this comic... except a snake, some fish, and a guy in a Rhino-shaped jumpsuit.
--The Management



NEXT ISSUE: TASKMASTER!